10

newspaper. When he did he uttered a cry of joy.



truth be told, she was not displeased with the opportunity of spending an hour or two in the society of her lawyer. His companionship had become agreeable to her, and though she was far from admitting to herself the idea of any especial fondness for him, still the more she saw of him the more welcome his visits became. He was so strong, so comforting, and he knew just what was the right thing to do, and he had the faculty of lifting her mother from the contemplation of her

When Annie arrived at the door of the surrogate's office a young man of gentleman like appearance stepped forward,

"I have been waiting some time for you, Miss Templeton, and quite impa-

and, lifting his hat, said:

Annie drew back astonished. 'I am afraid I have been awkward in my speech," he continued. "I meant to say that for any delay Mr. Holbrook will

impatient. Why, it is not yet 10 o'clock," ex-

claimed Annie. "Pardon me, I am afraid your timepiece is out of order. It is considerably after 10. But here is a note I am charged

by Mr. Holbrook to deliver to you." He handed it to her with a bow.

Annie took it and read:

"SURBOGATE'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1884. 5
"My DEAR MISS TEMPLETON—I regret so much to cause you the annoyance I undoubtedly do this morning, but business knows no other law than its own. The surrogate sits at home this morning -a fact I only learned on arriving here. I have other business as well as your own before the surrogate, and as he will sit but for a short time, I must hurry off. I leave a clerk to escort you. Your sincere friend. HENRY HOLBROOK."

When Annie had finished reading the note she looked up with a confiding smile, saving:

"You are then a clerk of Mr. Holbrook?"

"Yes, Miss Templeton, and entirely at your service. The surrogate is confined to his house with a cold, and sent word down that he would not dare to venture out, but that he would listen to all who had pressing business at his house. Now, if you please, we will go there. Here is a carriage I have had in waiting for

The concocters of the design against Annie's freedom had evidently counted upon her ignorance of the methods of conducting business, for while to almost any one experienced in the world this would have proved but a clumsy device, yet, directed against an unsophisticated creature like Annie, its very simplicity and transparency made it the more skill-

riage, and after she had had time to make a furtive examination of the young man who had taken the seat opposite her, she had mentally concluded that she did not like him, and that he seemed to be everything else than a gentleman, though he dressed like one and assumed the speech of one. There were certain signs which influenced her judgment, as they do that of most women. His hands were unmistakably dirty, and his finger nails were in mourning.

A male observer, especially if slangy, would have suid that the young man had been on a "bat" the night before; his hair was harsh and tangled, though well oiled; the inflamed rims of his eyes, his parched lips, and the heavy putfs like cushions under his even would have shown this, if a plain odor of gin cocktails, above the breath heavy with the flavor of cloves and roast coffee beans, had not told the tale.

But Annie was not experienced in such things, and she gave little heed to one who, after all, was nothing to hermerely an instrument of Mr. Holbrook, She did wonder, however, why it was that he had gotten a coach so close, and one in which there were such small windows. It wassestuffy. The young man did not obtrude himself. He was appar-

ently busy with memoranda and papers. Once he lifted his head to say that it was necessary for them, in order to make a quick trip, to pass through a disagreeable portion of the town.

To this she made no reply.

Finally they turned into the street, the dirt of which passed all comprehension upon her part.

Children seemed to swarm on the sidewalks; women, often drunk even at that early hour, and clothed in rags, talked and quarreled on the sidewalks and on the stoops of the squalid dwellings. She became interested in the scen

novel to her, and leaned forward to look from the window. She did not notice that the young man had drawn the curtwin over the window on the opposite side of the coach.

He broke the silence that had continued for some time:

"I beg you will excuse me, Miss Templeton. I know it is not the proper thing to do, but I am suffering greatly with my eyes this morning. Have I your permission to apply a lotion to

Wondering at the strangeness of the request, she nevertheless murmured her permission, and turned again to the

He drew his handkerchief from his pocket and then a bottle, with the contents of which he plentifully saturated

the handkerchief Before she could realize what was be ing done the young man snapped a spring. the curtain shot up over the window in front of her, she was forced back on the cushions with a vigorous push on her shoulder, the handkerchief was closely

essed on her nose and mouth, and with a lead pencil upon the margin of a though she struggled ineffectually for a time, unable to make a noise, she soon lost all consciousness.



Sharp pains were shooting through her head and an intolerable thirst consumed

"Water." she murmured.

"She's coming to," said a voice, seemingly from a great distance, which nevertheless fell upon her ear with a

strangely familiar sound. A cup was pressed to her lips, and she drank eagerly.

"She'll do now, and I'll go," said the same voice. A moment later she heard a few steps, and a door open and close. She opened her eyes. A man of rough exterior stood over her. She closed them again in fright, and nearly swooned.

When next she opened them she was alone.

Unable to collect her thoughts, she lay still a few moments. By and by the blame me. He is very exacting in business matters. That is why I say I am experiences of the morning rushed over

"For heaven's sake, where am I?" she cried. Then she sprang from her couch. forgetful of her sufferings.

She was dazed. The room she found herself in was evidently an attic room. The roof sloped down low and close to the floor on one side. There was neither ceiling nor walls; the rafters and studding were bare of plaster. The floor was uncarpeted. A dormer window broke through the roof and gave light to the room. She flew to it, but could not reach it; a strong iron grating set in the timbers and floor barred her way.

She shook it in the desperation of despair. As well might she have tried to move one of the Brooklyn bridge towers. She flew to the door at the foot of the bed; it was locked and bolted from the

There was a strong board partition running up to the roof, and in it was a door; she flew to that. It opened, and she entered a similar room. Another dormer window, and another iron grating, and another door leading to the stairs; that also was locked and bolted on the outside.

She was like a frightened bird, with throbbing breast, beating the bars of a

Then for the first time she realized that her dress appeared strange. She examined it. It was a coarse cal-

ico garment of vulgar figure. She was bewildered. Then she found it had been slipped over the other dress.

How? She could not comprehend. Her head began to whirl, and before she could reach the other room darkness overcame her.

When she awoke to consciousness again she was lying upon the floor. She staggered to her feet.

How long she had lain there she could hours, she was unable to determine.

Her eyes fell again upon the calico dress which covered her. She stripped it off with hurried action.

She stood a moment, her senses numbed -utterly confused. By and by the events of the day began

to pass before her vividly. She traced them one by one, to the final scene in the

"It was chloroform," she said aloud. Then she thought of her mother, of her alarm because Annie had not returned, and of the mother's distress over the new calamity, falling so closely on the mur-

der of her brother. This thought touched a tender chord, and she wept violently. The storm of tears acted like a storm

on a suitry day; it cleared the atmos-When she recovered herself she began to think.

She made a close examination of the room; it was similar in size and appearance to the one she had first found herself in. A mattress lav in the corner with a

pillow and a horse blanket tumbled on it, as if some one had slept there. Two chairs stood near the dormer window. On one was a newspaper. She picked it up. It was of the date of the 14th of September. That was the day she was last at home. It must still be that day. The newspaper was new and fresh; it had not been opened.

A small, round table stood in the center of the room, a plain, wooden top table, not particularly clean. A plate, a cup, both dirty, and some crumbs, showed that not long before some one had eaten there. A stump of a lead pencil lay on the

She went into the other room.

It was bare of everything save a chair and the bed on which she had lain.

Apparently there was no hope of escape. She listened. She could hear no sounds in the house. Only the noises from the street-the cries of hawkers the shouts of children at play, the roll of vehicles-all these came to her deadened by the distance.

What was the meaning of her seizure and confinement, she asked herself. Who was the enemy of her family who first killed her brother and then abducted her? Why were these calamities so suddenly precipitated upon them, who had always lived such quiet and uneventful

It was a problem too deep for her to solve; she was not even aware of an enemy.

Her thoughts instinctively turned to Holbrook. He would assist her if he knew of her distress, and he would know because of her failure to meet him as re-

Ah, a thought! She had been trappeby forged notes from him. She grew the more frish and by the thought.

Oh, if she could but communicate with Holbrook! She prayed heaven to open a way.

'Hi, missy, hi!" A voice startled her. She looked in every direction but the right one. "Hi, missy, look up."

She did. In the roof there was a skylight. Through a broken pane the very dirty face of a boy looked down upon

If it had been the face of an angel it could not have appeared more beautiful "I seed them when they brung you

up here. Was you sick?" 'Yes. Can't you come down here?" "No, de winder is nailed tight. 'Sides he'd trash me. He kicked me down

"Who's he?" "De feller 'wot's got yer locked up. Oh, he's a tuff!"

"He's a bad man?" "He's an orful bad man, I'm tellin' yer, missy."

"Do you want to help me?" "You'd tell on me."

stairs onct.

"No, indeed I won't. If you would only help me, I could get a bad man pun-"What, trashed? What, walloped right

up and down, his eyes blackened and his teeth knocked out-say, missy, would yer if I'd help ver?"

His eyes danced with glee at the pros-

"Indeed, I would," said Annie; and she was quite sincere. "I golly! dat would be good. Yer wouldn't tell on me, sure?" "No, indeed."

"Den I will if I kin." "I want you to go to Mr. Holbrook"and she gave him the address-"and tell him where I am, that I am locked up

Write it down, missy." "I have no paper. Wait," she said, as she ran hastily into the other room. She snatched up the paper and tore a strip from the margin, and catching up the pencil on the table she wrote hurriedly: "Help. I am locked up on the top floor

She looked up at the boy.

"Where am I?" The boy snickered. "Why, right down dere, missy." "No, no, but in what street?"

"Oh, in Mott street, tree doors from She wrote: "In Mott street, three doors from Bay-

ard street. Come quickly and help me. "ANNIE TEMPLETON." She folded it up. But how to get it to He put his arm through the broken

pane and she tried to throw it to him.

Several ineffectual attempts showed her the futility of this effort. She thought a moment. "Wait," she cried. She ran into the other room and dragged the table after her and put it directly under the sky-

light, and then climbed to its top and reached up. She was still too far away, stretching porters, as she did on her tiptoes.

She clambered down and brought in a chair, which she placed on the table. Climbing up on it at the risk of a tumble, she found her face on a level with the downstretched hand of the

She put the paper in his hand, and holding it gave him directions how to go. The touch of the softest hand he had ever felt moved the little vagabond. Then she kissed the dirty paw of the

voungster as he promised to be fleet of In a moment more she heard the patter of his bare feet on the slate roof.

She climbed down and restored the table and chair to the places where she She sat down on the bed to think. But she was too much disturbed to

think or to sit. She began pacing up and down the She had taken but a few turns when she heard a bolt drawn back and a key

The door opened. It was the one opening into the other

A step or two on the floor. A man stood before her. He was dressed in shabby black clothes. A battered black derby hat was on his head, under which showed the straggling and matted locks of his brown hair. His face was covered with a coarse bushy brown beard and mustache, above which glowed a prominent hooked nose, the

ing, fiery eyes peered out on her. "So," he said, "ver've found ver wav into this here room, have yer, my lady?' She made no reply.

end of which was inflamed. Two pierc-

"Tryin' to find a way out, ch! Well, I don't blame yer for that. It's what I expected yer to do, so I fixed it that yer couldn't.

His eye fell upon the discarded calico dress, and he laughed. "Oh, ho, yer didn't like the nice purty

dress yer friend persented yer with, eh?" "Why am I confined here?" she asked. "Who brought me here?"

"Not knowin' can't say," the man replied. "Why be yer confined here? Not knowin' I couldn't say." "Why do you keep me here, then?

Oh, sir. I pray you, let me go. I will pay you handsomely if you will let ma." "Oh, no, my ladybird, I couldn't do that, ver know. I'm only obevin' orders, and so you will have to. Let yer go! Oh, no, that wouldn't do at all; but I wish they'd take yer away from here, for I don't want ver."

Annie saw the uselessness of further words, and she trusted to the boy.

The man continued: "Here, there's somethin' to eat for yer and some beer"-pointing to the table. He walked over to it and took away the plate and cup that Annie had just seen there. He moved the chair on which ay the paper to the table. As he lifted the paper he said: "And here's some readin' for ver."

His attention was attracted to the mutilated margin. He looked quickly to the table and saw the pencil was gone. "What have yer been doin'," he asked, fiercely, going to her. As he did he saw the pencil on the floor.

"Ho, ho! Yer've been a-tryin' to kommuniercate, hev ve? "Yes," she replied, boldly. "Well, did ye?" said he, peering at her

keenly and suspiciously. The idea swept over Annie's mind that t would be wise to conceal her attempt "Of what use was it?" she said, wear-

Women are born actresses.

as I to send a letter from here?" "Trusfor te. Wibasan writt" "1 didn't write anything. I tore the

paper up."

He looked upon the floor, and saw pieces of paper which Annie had idly torn into bits.

This did not satisfy him. He looked at her suspiciously a moment, and then

"I don't believe ye. Not that ye saw anybody, but yer've thrown somethin' out for a chance. I'll see to that at once. Yer'd better eat," he said as he turned away, "for yer've a long ride before yer

With that he strode hastily out of the room, locking, bolting and barring the door after him. Her heart failed as she heard the bolts shoot.

She saw bolts and bars on the inside With a quick impulse she put up the bars and shot the bolts. She flew to the other door and bolted and barred that. She was safe from unwelcome intru-

Then she sat down to wait for Holbrook. TO BE CONTINUED.

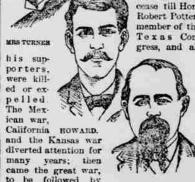
THE TURNER-HOWARD FEOD. History of the Conflict Between Tw

Prominent Kentucky Families. "Another battle in Harlan county! Six men killed! Judge Lewis' posse surprised the Howards on Martin creek and killed six of them without losing a man!"

Such is a summary of "a late dispatch from Kentucky." It means that the Harlan county fend is for the present quenched in blood, and that there will be no more trouble there till enough of the young Howards grow to manhood to renew the fight. And something like a thousand editorial writers will deplore the lawless spirit that has "prevailed in some sections since the war." But they will be wrong, as usual, in their general statements. It is not due to the war, for it was worse before that; nor to politics, or slavery, or reconstruction, or climate-it is simply an outgrowth of peculiar conditions, a wild, sparsely settled region in the mountains, and it has gone on ever since the coun-

try was settled.
At intervals ever since the Revolution-or ever since the papers could get particulars the public has occasionally been startled and horrified by accounts of these "feuds." First of national note were the terrible contests between the friends and enemies of Gen. Andraw Jackson, Jackson killed Dickinson H. and Jesse Benton, troke one man's head in rescuing Payton Anderson from a mob. and otherwise figured extensively in the bor-der feuds. Next came the involved and almost interminable wars in which Ben Hardin, Davy Crockett and others were engaged, and then the truly awful "Cherokee feud"—the Ross and McIntosh and Ridge factions killing each other and white men fighting for sym-

spirits of the southwest. but the independence that country was soon fol-"Regulators' war" in Marshall and adjoining counties, nor did it cease till Hon. member of the Texas Con-



came the great war, to be followed by feuds of the old kind. First, Henry Berry Lowry and his gang of Indio-mulattoes dominated a county in North Carolina for a year, but were finally organized as the "Iatan Indians" and paci-Then came the long Sutton-Taylor feud in Southwestern Texas, in which nearly

100 men were killed or wounded. The once noted Kemper county feud, in Mississippi, began with a quarrel in a bank-ruptcy case, but when six or eight had been killed on each side it "ran into politics." Bob Dabbs and John Gully were then assassinated by a negro, whereupon their friends rose and killed Gilmer, McLelian and Judge Chisholm, the latter's son being killed and his daughter mortally wounded by chance shots. And during all these years there have been occasional fends in the mountain coun-

ties of Kentucky and West Virginia. The late troubles need not be detailed-the genesis of all is the same. The south, east of the Mississippi, is in three grand divisions: The central core of mountain and plateau the rich piedmont region, through which the streams flow from the central core, and the bayou, or "swamp"-the low land on the gulf. or coast, and on the Mississippi. The bayou tract appears destined for the home of the negroes, as they are fast concentrating there. In the piedmont region and level highlands iwell the moral and peaceful, cultured and intelligent whites-and they have no feurls. In the mountains are the regions, as Edwin ance." And there the feud is indigenous. A large proportion of the original settlers were sudden exiles from the lowland country, and ettled differences "fist and skull," and their

lescendants do the same, or use the revolver and rifle or shotgun. Harlan is the most mountainous county in Kentucky. The head streams of the Cumberland wind in every direction among the hills and interesculate in such intricate loops that a residence of ears is needed to familiarize one even with the most public roads. On every road there is a natural ambush every mile, and defiles defensible by one against a dozen. "If the people were a unit, says the sheriff, "all the militis in Kentucky could not force their way to the county

But the people are just now badly divided. About six years ago Bob Turner and Wicks Howard quarreled over a game of cards and exchanged the usual threats. They met soon after on the road and the shooting Howard's arm was shattered and Bob Turner was killed. The fond was then inaugurated and wherever a Howard met a Turner powder was burned, if they were armed—if not, the populace. Men, women and children, by there was a fist fight.

At length Will Turner was shot dead by a concealed assassin, and Bony Turner shot at Wils Howard, who was thought to be the assassin. A few night later a Howard and his cousin, a Jennings, attacked Bony Turner's house, but by mischance killed his guest, Alexander Bailey. So the Baileys now joined the Turners, and the next man killed was the uncle of Alexander, William Bailey. The so called "whisky war" was soon raging, and as the Howards were notorious "moonshiners," the law was now on the side of the Turners, and they made the most of it.

Judge Wilson Lewis organized a law and order league, and this in due time drew to his support all the Turner party and made him an object of hatred to all the Howards. Thereafter the "war" assumed more regular features, but there were still some horrible assassinations on both sides. The Howards ost ground, but rallied, whipped the Lewis posse in a pitched battle and killed three of them, then attacked and scattered the "law and order" men near the county seat, and for a few days actually held that place as a garrison, picketing all the roads. The final battle took place a few days since. Victory for the "Lewis faction," "Turner faction," or "law and order men," as you choose. Six Howards killed. Other desperate men ar-

New York's Greatest Horror, Described by a Survivor.

AN EPISODE OF THE YEAR 1891.

How the Electrical Subways Overcharges the Soil and Sewer Gas, Illuminating Gas and Electricity Burst Their Bounds in One Convulsion-Thousands of People Suffocated-People Fall Dead in Heaps. Maddened Animals and Birds - The Ruins of Gotham-The Story Told by Ardennes Jones-Foster.

YONKERS, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1891.—The ter-rors of that dreadful night—just a week ago, Nov. 10, 1891—are still present with me. I hear the screaming of women and children: I feel the surging of panic stricken crowds; I see ominous tongues of blue flame licking the curb, the base of telegraph poles and dead bodies, or pointing hither and thither as if seeking ew victims. My brain still sickens at the beans of dead and the vision of falling people, of bodies being consumed, of livid, terror stricken faces



THE CATASTROPHE.

But I must nerve myself to a task. Memory is a sieve through which events drop away. While the memory of that night, which must ever be memorable in the history not only of New York but the world, are what I felt, so far as I can put it in words. Words! What can they give of the pictures of that fearful night?

I had that morning called my beloved Mina my own. We had been married at noon at her home in New Haven, and had gone to New York on our wedding journey, I had arranged to spend the evening at the

famous threat to chop down the telegraph poles; and while 1,500 miles of wire were lying buried a week ago last night in sub-ways and ditches, at least 1,000 miles of these death dealing agents were still awinging over head, upon poles and housetops, at 10.30 o'clock. Besides, a decision rendered Oct. 29, 1880, by Judge Andrews, staying the mayor's hand in further interference with the tric light companies' plants and wires, had caused the latter to grow bold again; and instead of the police department regulating the tension of wires by an established system fafter the plan observed in the inspection of steam boilers), the tension seems to have regulated itself to woful extremes. In the place of a comparatively safe continuous cur-rent of say 700 volts and 200 volts alternat-2 000 volts! Fancy all of that death dealing veins! Insulated, say you? My dear boy, even at this advanced age, science has failed to discover any material that will cont a wire to the verge of safety, when charged with an

*electric current.

The catastrophe originated at all of the and for the first time in life prayed for their and seemed to diffuse its danger communicating spirit throughout the entire city within the space of sixty seconds. Resides, it population unawares. The attractions at the various theatres had drawn ex- toppled over, carrying the shafts down with

traordinary houses.

It was close upon 11 o'clock when my bride still unconscious darling, bore her dead and I came out of the theatre. The streets

were crowded. Suddenly little tongues of yellow white flame shot up in a million places all over the city—through sewer traps, man holes in the streets and pavements. Then sheets of blinding flame arose, lowered, flashed up again, end their scorehing wings and filled everybody with amazement. A sense of serious danger seized the entire population of the island in an instant. The street crowds half a million persons rushed from their



formidable, appalling, hell born, hung over and there, gazing, craning their necks, all apparently pursued by a forecast of beartrending catastrophe, because their faces agent had communicated with a million souls been forced to let go her hold upon my arm. We were separated, and the crowds of peo-

ple bore us apart in opposite directions.

I turned, when, fortunate moment! 1 caught sight of the pattern of my wife's opera wrap vanishing in the crowd. Making bold dash. I secured and clung to the object of my pursuit. That instant the electric light corner of Broadway and Thirtieth treet went out, plunging everything in total darkness. I held fast to my precious charge just as the end of an electric wire that had burned off, and, still red bot, dropped from its crossbar into the very midst of the scram bling, elbowing mass of people. A concerted. piercing scream of borror went up from the

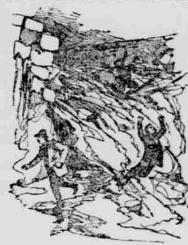
My wife fainted dead away in roy arms It was with a superhuman effort that I got ber through that jam of half mad legious and carried her bodily to the opposite corner of the street, where I ran against a horse, and, running my hand along the thill, I made out that the animal was attached to a cab. To the driver I should harried orders and man I don and reside there pending the rebuilding (Nev.) Couries

aged to lift' my unconscious burden are the vehicle. Then I gave the cabman his instructions. He failed to respond. I shock him slightly, believing that he had fallen asleep. Poor fellow! He sat belt upright—dead!

The mob had now become dangerously iense. An explosion of sewer gas near by startled the horse, and fortunately, too, for as the animal lunged the body of the dead driver lost its balance and tumbled to the ground. Mounting the box, I seized the reins; t movement was out of the question. The mob increased in numbers and hemmed us in. Half a million persons asked the other half what it was all about. No one could explain. Each gave a like answer, to the end that oppression sat upon them, clogged their lungs, held them spellbound. They knew that some awful agent of danger was lurking around and trifling with the electric wires, but how? The sensation created was akin to that felt when grasping the handles of an electric battery. The influence tightened their grasp upon an invisible something and drew their elbows up to their sides, twisting wrists and hands and binding them to some unseen power from which there was no release. Escape was impossible Every instant burned off wires dropped into the crowd. Flashes, like topques of venomous, fire-fed reptiles, darted from the very crevices in the walls of buildings, from paving stones, now creeping along wires, now dodging through prism lights, manholes, doors, windows. Loud reports like thunder were heard in a dozen directions, from the explosion of sewer gas. All the air became charged with

a stupefying, gaseous odor, sickening and prostrating in the extreme. Suddenly the entire city was girdled with fore she was bern, a flaming electric belt. The currents ran and she was obliged along the wires, down the poles, and into the to work hard as earth, stole along beneath the surface, and soom as she was old shot from the pavement at a point further on. People ran out of stores, restaurants and hotels. A million voices joined in heart-rending cries, until the marmurs merged into one solid wave of frightened sound that swept over and settled upon the multitude ith agonizing force. Moans filled the mouths of the superstitious. The ignorant wailed and warned all that the world was coming to had succumbed—the gas went out! Troops of worshiping negroes rushed up and down Sixth avenue, and at every step some of their number fell prostrate in prayer. The Salvation Army turned out upon the streets with drums, horns, tambourines and bones, singing, dancing, shouting "Come to Jesus!" "The Jehovah calls you!" "The earth is about to give up her dead?" "The Messiah is coming?"
"Repent, or be burned?" "Halle-balle-bal-

The mones of the multitude increasedswelled into a tremendous cry. Dogs sank upon their inanches and bayed in dire distress. Thousands of horses hitched to hand-



THE EAST WALL GAVE WAY.

some carriages, street cars and trucks stopped flocks of hirds at rest for the night, took wing into the streets, dushed against win-dows, where candles and oil lamps had been substituted for gas, and dropped helpless and stiff upon the pavement.

Children clung to their mothers' skirts, haltless. Hardened renegades, suspicious charfirst bent upon pillaging the crowd when withered in their tracks and fell dead The horse attached to my cab gave forth a

piteous neigh, reared upon his hind feet and weight in my arms to the edge of the mob. shook her back to hir senses, class hand in mine, and told her to follow up Broadway to Thirty-third street, through to Bryant park, and, flying across the inclosure, we took refuge, nestled as close to th wall as possible, and looked back upon the

As we stood by the wall, the long row of houses lining the south side of Fortfeth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, had disappeared, giving a clean view over to the outh. By this time, the very pavements had begun to crackle and crumble into an indefindust. Great iron buildings curled like bits of wire and vanished into nothingness Countless burning electric waves from subways had burst forth and leaned up to meet the flaming wires overhead, as the poles gave way. The entire ground on Manhattan island had become overcharged with an electric current that had taken on fire wings and swung about on its awestriking mission of withering death. The people living south of Bowling Green, east of Avenue C, west of Ninth avenue and north of Fifty-ninth street. having foreseen the danger that portion of them who did not run into the jaws of death to learn what it was all about scattered to Central park, and the docks, boarded the ferries and boats and made for midstream Hundreds of persons jumped into the harbor and rivers and were drowned.

The furid flames had now crept into every crevice in the afflicted district and shriveled more than a quarter of a untilion of persons into unrecognizable shapes. As the buildings went down, one after another, Cames bro out and the streets for miles were swept by an all-consuming conflagration that licked up

even the flesh and bones of the dead. My wife and I were saved from destruction at this point only by the mercy of the wind, as it fanned the heat from the west (our wailing place, I called it of the reservoir. But the east wall crumbled and gave way, spilling the millions of galions of water and flooding the entire district from Fifth evenue to the Rast river, sweeping from the face of the earth every vestige of charred human remains and burning timbers for a

breadth of ten squares. Merciful God! what a wreck! Not a building left, from Pifty-ninth street to Bowling Green, between the avenues How did we escape the general electric

I hardly know, unless it was because we ore rubbers, which served to insulate us at first. I am something of an electrician, a you know, and as soon as we took pos-session of the cab, I wrapped myself in a huge rubber cost belonging to the driver earing the heavy rubber lap cover from the dashboard, to which it was attached, I wound it around my bride until she looked like a mummy. In this manner we run tion that I can give for our safe deliverant if we had been struck by any of the wires. Fortunately, we were spared this. Next Wednesday we will set sail for Lon-

young woman practicing scales on the p the amiable young imbestle who play flute; the man who is always storming family expenses; the out that smalls night; the parrot that alternately st

heard them in a play on the stage— not here! What a jolly home delig be that old fellow who always comes midnight and uniformly celebrates hi

with a "whoop!" that wakes up every in the house and sets it to crying!

night; the parrot that alternately arrest and swears; the whistling fiend, and mery more sound compelling social blights, all come to your acquaintance through the me-diumship of the common air shaft.—Now York Letter. A Murderer's Bride Mrs. McIlvaine, the young wife of McIlvaine, the young man who is soon to entire death from electricity in Sing Sing, R. Y.,

metal New York Becare the

oval to shut out the

New York Flat Life.

stepped out was her cousin, whom he does not know, would certainly amuse you if you

The young widow's assurances to her ving uncle that the young man who has

Wish us bon voyage, and b

that my wife re-

story to her visitor, which is substantially as follows: seven months besoon as she was old ther and brothers. She complained that her mother MRS MTUVA beat her. She worked in a candy fa

is only 15 years old.

husband, who drove an ice wagon. He wed to give her candy and ice creat an end. At that moment an ear splitting ex-plosion shook the earth. The big gas tanks her and she went from her home to the home. her and she went from her home to the home of one of her girl friends, where she boarded with her friend's mother for \$3.50 a week. McIlvaine helped her, and they married on Aug. 11, with beer and cake and sandwiches and fruit for the wedding supper. Boon after they went to live at 140 High street and be-

"The gan to keep house. There they lived till the She seems to have married McIlvaine for the purpose of getting a living. When asked by Nell Nelson, of The New York World, if she had seen her husband, she said:

"Why?"

"I dunno. I thought they might refuse me, and I never like to be refused. But isn't he your husband!"

"And don't you love him?" "I dunno. "But you married him." "I know. I had two minds when I did. I couldn't live on what I was making and I didn't understand the box business well enough to make any more. My mamma couldn't do anything to help and I was afraid of my brother. Charlie was always straight



MRS. M'ILVAINE'S BIRTHPLACE. From such a being as this McIlvaine is not likely to draw much comfort while awaiting his execution.

Typewriters. "No, sir," said an F street attorney the other day. "This talk about typewriters My wife has never had occasion to be jealous typewriters. My typewriters know their places. I never allow any familiarity between them and the other clerks, either

had a few weeks ago! Well, she started to say something about my wife-that she ed to be gadding about considerably, That night I told her she needn't come back any more, that my wife was not to be criti-

You remember that blonds typewriter I

cised by an employe of mine. "Gad, that girl made me tired. She was homely enough to stop a clock. But, say, Terribly fond of oveters "- Washington Fost.

Old Friends

Fred-You see, Albert, I gave up my Sup-

day school class in order to take charge of a Bible class in the prison, Albert—You must feel a little awkward

among strangers, do you not? Fred-Oh, I know several of them. One of them used to be one of my father's most trusted eleries, and another was at one time an old Sunday school teacher of mina-Exchange.

A Young Trapper.

Sixteen-year-old Harry Spencer, of Ransom, is a successful crow trapper. Young Harry's guinea hens got in the notion of laying their eggs in the bushes back of the house last summer, and every now and then the cro-s would swoop down and carry off the eggs. At first Harry was at a loss to account for the disappearance of the eggs, but one day he caught two crows in the act of stealing them, and he straightway went to work to outwit the black thieves. Out in the field he built a fittle well of sods, with an opening on one side wide enough for a crow to pass through, and in the passage he set a steel trap. Then he placed an egg in the centre of the well, and the first crow that saw it alighted on the outside of the circle of sods, tripped into the opening after the egg, and got its foot in the trap. The row began to flutter like fury, and Harry ran out and clubbed it to death. He has caught nearly two dozen of the sly birds in that way this season. - Runsom (Pa.) Letter.

Hunting for the Meteorite.

It is reported that the Alpinites are greatly excited over the falling of an imsense meteor in the vicinity of Mount Bullion. The ball of fire, which is described as much larger than the Marklerille court house, struck with a force that made the earth tremble, giving a re-port like a cannon. The citizens of Alpine have been out scouring the hills in search of the aerolite. Although many people saw it fall, opinions differ in lo cation from five to ten miles.-Genos